

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

When the Peacock Looks At His Feet

DONALD!" cried Nurse in that tone she used only when Donald really deserved to be scolded. "Just look at your shoes! Didn't you see that mud? Landsakes! I believe you walked in it on purpose! Here, sit down on this bench and let me try to clean some of it off. And you looked so nice, too, with your new Peter Thompson suit and your sailor hat. And just look at you now! I think you'd be ashamed of yourself the minute you look down at your feet! Meroy me, what a trial you are!"

Donald and Nurse were taking an afternoon walk in the beautiful grounds of the city's Zoological Park—as they did almost every bright, sunny afternoon, for Donald's home was but two blocks from the entrance to the Zoo.

Now, if the truth be told, perhaps it was partly Nurse's fault that the little fellow had stepped off the path and into the muddy road, for she was looking for the handsome Keeper who somehow always happened along that way just about this time every afternoon to pass the time of day with her.

But even at that, Donald should have known better than to walk in the road, especially since he felt so proud and important in his new spring clothes. Yet little boys, you know, never can see the necessity of keeping their shoes clean and polished even though they may be careful about the rest of their apparel. Shoes, somehow, don't seem to count!

Nurse gathered a handful or two of green leaves and finally succeeded in scraping most of the mud off Donald's feet, but anyone could plainly see that they had been muddied. Then—this time keeping hold of his hand—they continued their walk along the path that led to the out-of-door cages for the birds.

And presently the smiling, red-faced Keeper hove in sight, tipped his hat to Nurse and lifted Donald up on his broad shoulder for a ride. After a while they came to a bench, not far from the enclosure for the peacocks. Nurse and the Keeper sat down and Donald toddled off to gaze in awe at the lordly birds strutting around behind the wire screen.

"Hello—hello, Donald!" The voice

of the ralling against which he was leaning, then on the ground and even on the wire screen; but the Old Man was no where to be seen, though Donald could plainly hear him chuckling in high glee.

"Here—here I am, Donald," he called presently, "right here on the back of this vain peacock!"

And, sure enough, there he was, his funny, bald little head, with its two queer horns sticking up, just visible among the gay plumage of the strutting bird.

"Oh—o-o-o!" laughed Donald, "I never thought of looking for you there! Good-afternoon, I'm very glad to see you."

"Thank you, Donald," replied the Old Man. And with that, he hopped off the peacock's back, jumped clear over the wire screen at a single bound and landed on the railing right by Donald's elbow.

He was a very queer little man indeed, no bigger than a minute. His cloak was of humming-bird's wings, trimmed with ermine; and his funny,

jungle laughed at him and held him up to ridicule.

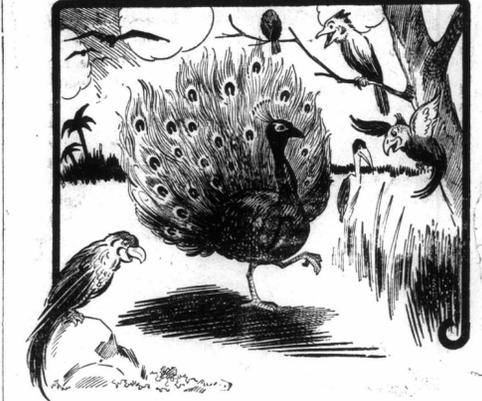
"Now, the peacock, as you can well imagine, did not like this at all. He was continually bemoaning the fact that he was not beautiful and resplendent in plumage.

"Oh," he wailed, "if I could only make all those other birds feel as gorgeous and radiant, how I would be ashamed of myself!"

"Over and over again he would repeat that wish. And he thought of it day and night and wept real tears about it.

"Then, one day, he came to me and told me what was troubling him.

"But," I said to him, "don't you see that your very ugliness is a protection to you? The other birds have to be continually alert to see that their enemies do not catch and kill them; whereas everyone passes you by. Why, peacock, you can just squat down on the ground and no bird or animal can possibly tell you from a lump of dirt. Really, you are better off than any of the other birds, even if you aren't



Suddenly Mr. Parrot cried, "Hey, Look At His Feet. Look At His Feet." exactly good to look upon."

"But the silly creature, Donald, couldn't see it that way at all. He wept and wept and begged and begged me to do something to make him beautiful. Though I knew he was very foolish, I really couldn't help feeling a little bit sorry for him. So finally, I agreed to change everything about him, just as he wished, if he would agree to take the consequences and fight his own battles with the enemies he was bound to have once he became conspicuous. He agreed instantly.

"First, Mr. Old Man of the Forest," he said, "please give me some gorgeous tail of feathers, green and purple and—and resplendent—and make it stick straight up in the air and—and—bigger than the tail of any other bird in the whole jungle!"

"So I waded my magic wand and—behold—he had a tail just like the one you see on this peacock before you," he said. And then, one by one, he asked for iridescent, greenish-blue feathers on his body, instead of the fuzzi he had there, and for a small head with that pretty top-knot like all peacocks now have and—and, just then he happened to catch sight of himself in a stream and hopped about for joy and puffed out his chest and arched his long neck. Oh, Donald, he was so vain and proud of himself!

"Now, Mr. Old Man," he said, "give me a voice different from that of any other bird so I can call out to everyone I will simply have to look to see where it comes from; and then they will all see what a beautiful creature I am!"

"I looked at him a moment, Donald, in pity; but I had promised to give him what he asked for, so I waded my wand again and he straightway had that same peculiar cry that peacocks today have. Then, with his tail all spread out like a fan and his vain head held high in the air, he strutted off, so proud of himself that he even forgot to thank me.

"He had gone but a short distance, when he met Mr. Parrot.

"Oh, o-ho!" cried the parrot, "look who's here! Why, it's that old ugly peacock that—! And Mr. Parrot chuckled and laughed and cried out for all the other birds to come and see. They came—flying and running. "Peacock strutted around before them, as proud as well, as proud as a peacock! And every now and then he gave his shrill cry and glanced at them haughtily.

"Suddenly, Mr. Parrot cried, 'Hey, look at his feet! Look at his feet—they're the same old ugly feet! Hah! Hah!'"

"The assembled birds looked and instantly set up such a howl of derision as was never before heard in that jungle.

"Peacock stopped in the midst of his lordly stride and looked down. Yes, there they were—the same ugly scaly, hideous old feet he had had before! He had forgotten to ask for new ones! His tail drooped and folded up until all the pretty, ocelli, or eye-like spots, were hidden; his proud neck lost its haughty arch and he cried—real peacock tears! He was so ashamed and so taken back! And, goodness, how the other birds did make fun of him!

And to this day, Donald, whenever a peacock looks down at his feet his tail closes up and he looks all wilted and humble. Watch—the peacock within the enclosure is looking down now—and his—"

"Donald! You Donald! Get up off that damp ground right away!" It wasn't the voice of the Old Man of the Forest, either. It was Nurse, and she was coming—a-running toward him,

Nurse Finally Succeeded in Scraping Most Of The Mud Off.

was piping and thin, yet as gay and jolly as any you ever heard.

Now Donald wasn't in the least frightened, for he knew it must be his queer friend, the Old Man of the Forest, with whom he held such wonderful talks every now and then when he came to the Zoo. So, his eyes sparkling and his face all smiles, he looked around for him—first on

THE WILLOW WHISTLE



MY papa knows most everything. The names of trees, the birds that sing. The time for flowers to come out. And lots that I can't tell about. And once when we went for a walk, He cut a long green willow stalk. And with his knife he made a mark 'All' round at two points on the bark. Then rubbed the piece hard as he could. Till it was loose upon the wood. Then dipped it off and made a top just like the whistles in the shop. And stopped the other end up tight. And it just whistled "out of sight!"

Couldn't Fool Him



Teacher—Away back in 1776, Washington was the nation's champion. Earle—Aw! Whatchu giving us? The Washington team never won the championship!

"Mercy sakes!" she cried as she grabbed him by the arm and jerked him to his feet. "Can't I take my eyes off you a minute but what you flop down and go to sleep!"

"Mr. Old Man—was it—do peacocks ever get—their shoes muddy?" mumbled Donald as he rubbed his eyes and tried to remember where he was.

"Landsakes!" exclaimed Nurse. "What in the world are you talking about—peacocks getting their shoes muddy? Goodness, you not only go to sleep, but you dream, too—and right out of doors on the damp ground! Here, come on, and stop looking down at your shoes! You're muddy and—and—I hope you're ashamed of how they look!"

THE DONKEY



The donkey does not bite or scratch. When Sambo makes him mind him. But Sambo's life is never safe. When Sambo gets behind him.

A Few Facts About Coffee

HAVE you ever thought, when you saw Father drinking his cup of coffee at the breakfast table—or maybe when you drank your own, if you are old enough to be permitted to drink it—that a wonderful process the coffee bean goes through from the time it grows in the coffee fields until it comes to the breakfast table? Well, it is a most interesting story.

To begin with, our coffee comes principally from Brazil, though a good bit is also obtained from Porto Rico, other parts of Central America and from Java. Coffee trees grow in long, straight rows about twelve feet apart and live to be from forty to one hundred years old. As a rule, on a plantation, they are about fifteen feet high and their branches hang down to the ground bearing berries about as large as an acorn stripped of its little cup. Inside this berry, or shell, are two little beans, packed close together and almost oval in shape. It is from these beans, after proper curing, that coffee for the table is made.

When the berries are ripe they are bright red in color and are then picked by hand by the native laborers with the help of their wives and children. The brown hands of the pickers shake the berries to the ground to be gathered later, and freed of dirt by tossing them to windward with shovels. Then they are packed in bags.

These sacks are taken to the drying grounds and their contents dumped into running water which washes the berries free of dirt. During this process, men with rakes move about among the beans turning them over and over that the rays of the sun may dry them the more quickly. It takes an average of two weeks to dry them properly.

After the drying, the beans are passed through machines that free them of husks and stem that may still cling to them, and then follows another sorting and grading. And that, they are packed in sacks and sent to be roasted—ready for table use.

How Willard Learned To Jump

THE coach was trying out his high-jump candidates for the high school team. It was evident to an observer that he was discouraged.

"I never saw such a lack of material in my life," he remarked to Professor Barrett as he watched the high jumpers vainly trying to "do" 4 feet 11.

"What's the matter with Willard Tracy?" asked the professor. "He seems to be built like a high jumper."

"Tracy seems to be the best of the lot," replied the coach. "He has a good spring in his legs, but for some reason he can't get his feet over the bar."

"Here, Tracy," he called, "try that over and raise your feet higher just as you reach the bar."

He watched the youth hopefully. Tracy approached the jumping standards from the side, gave a quick, sharp spring and bent double in an effort to clear the bar. But alas! His toe caught under the piece of fishing rod and it fell to the ground with a disheartening clatter. Both Tracy and the coach were evidently discouraged.

"No use, coach," said the boy, as he picked up the bar and brushed the sawdust from his jersey. "I just can't make it! My toe always catches."

"Yes, you can," spoke the coach encouragingly, striving not to show his impatience. "Keep practicing."

"Tomorrow," he announced. "I want the whole squad to meet in the gymnasium at three o'clock and take a cross-country run. It will do us all good. Now jog around the track and into the gymnasium to take a shower."

As the coach walked toward the "gym" with Professor Barrett he remarked:

"I'm not worrying about my sprinters, runners or weight men. I'm sure we can hold our own with Brunswick in most of the running events, but the high jump and hurdles bother me."

Brunswick high school was the long-standing rival of Hatley high school, and the outdoor meet was only eight days away. The coach had never felt so uncertain as now and he occasion-

ally wanted to give up the meet without a struggle. That would never do, however, for Hatley always fought hardest in face of overwhelming odds.

The next day, Saturday, found the boys assembled in front of the gymnasium in their running suits, anxious for a ramble across the adjoining pastures. The spring air was exhilarating. The warm sun and breeze appealed to them and made them feel as if they could run to Brunswick and back as easily as not. Willard Tracy was there in his short running pants and fiery red jersey, which lent a touch of color to the fine squad of athletes. The coach himself, attired in a gray



He Did Not Dare Look Around.

gymnasium suit, set the pace—a slow jog across the springy, green turf of the pastures. The only stops were to crawl beneath the strands of a barbed-wire fence or to slow down for a short breathing spell. As they were ready to make the return trip the coach said:

"Well stop and rest a bit. Then I'm going to set a pretty stiff pace back to the 'gym.' We don't stop on the way. If any of you can't keep up the pace, you needn't try to run yourselves to pieces. Just drop out and walk in."

As the squad trailed behind their leader, Willard Tracy strove hard to keep up with the foremost runners; but his eagerness to keep well up in front—and his inexperience, as a high jumper, in running proved sufficient to exhaust him so that he was soon far in the rear of the now straggling procession of flapping white track suits.

Completely out of breath, Willard sat down on a rock and held his sides.

"Guess—I tried—to keep—too far up front," he panted as he watched the disappearing line of runners.

He fell to thinking of the chances of beating Brunswick. Surely, he reflected, things looked darker than ever before for Hatley.

"We'll take the mile easily," he placated. "We ought to set both places in the half and first in the hundred and shot-punt. But Brunswick will take the pole vault, the hurdles, the discus, quarter and relay. Unless we win the high jump I don't see how

Willard turned around and saw the snorting brute charging angrily in his direction.

"My Jersey!" he thought. "Well, I've got a head start at any rate," and he proceeded to run for the nearest fence.

But by the time he had "hit his stride" the bull was so close he could hear his breathing. Then came a tight race between the maddened animal and the boy. It happened that the fence for which Willard headed was a good 200 yards distant, and as he was already tired from his run, he felt panicky-stricken. Surely he could not hold out that long.

Had it not been that Willard was dressed in a light running suit and in good training, he probably would never have had a show with his angered pursuer. He did not dare look around, but when he was a hundred yards away he felt the bull was only a length or two behind. Would that give him time to crawl under the barbed-wire fence when he reached it? No, he de-

Willard Tracy Won the Contest With a Neat, Clean Jump.

He must jump over it.

As it happened, the fence proved which he was running was just barely over five feet high. Since he had never leaped more than 4:10 in his life, Willard felt that the fence was higher than he could "do." But he determined to try, at all costs.

"If only I can get my feet high enough!" he thought.

When he was within about ten feet of the fence he dodged to one side and took the "take-off" as he would have done in a track meet, approached the fence in even, springing strides, and a mighty leap and—cleared the fence! Not so much as a shoestring from the topmost wire. Willard fell to the ground and sat, panting.

"That's one time—I fooled you, my fellow," he laughed. "But I'm a mad at you—I'm much obliged to you—Mr. Bull."

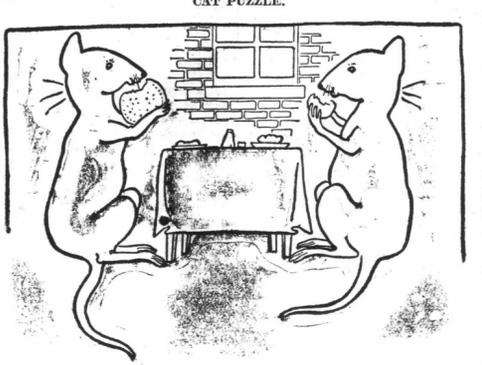
When the coach measured the next day he found it exactly 5 feet 3 inches. There wasn't a hair's breadth in town than the coach, unless Willard himself.

And that's how, when Hatley school met Brunswick and had stood 40 to 38 in Brunswick, Willard Tracy won the contest with a neat, clean jump of 5 feet 3 inches.

A DIFFERENCE

MISS PRIM was in the waiting for Mamma to come down. Just then she was wiggled into the room and she will when there's a colored man at the visitor from the hospital. The big porters, who were on hand she held a huge silver tray newly covered with jam and bread. "My Sarah," exclaimed the mother to spread such a goodly bread and jam for you and your sister. Sarah wrinkled her face and replied, as she bit the bread, "I'm sorry, mam, but the jam is so hard it lets me spread it none."

Our Puzzle Corner



Here are two rats enjoying a mid-night feast. Their old enemy, the cat, however, is ready to pounce on them. Can you find him?

PRINTER'S PI—SNAKES.

When a printer drops his type and gets it mixed, he calls it pi. Each of the following words has been pried and none of the letters are in their correct place. If you arrange them in the proper manner, each one will spell the name of a snake. No. 1, for instance, is rattlesnake. Can you guess the balance?

ANSWERS

PRINTER'S PI—1. Rattlesnake. 2. Copperhead. 3. Blacksnake. 4. Bon-constrictor. 5. Viper. 6. Adder. 7. Cobra. 8. Gartersnake. 9. Blue-racer. 10. Python. 11. Moccasin.

BEHEADINGS—1. Draw-raw. 2. Globe-lobe. 3. Recent-cent.

ADDITIONS: 1. Asp-Wasp. 2. H-GH. 3. Eat-Heat.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behold to sketch with a pencil and get the state of uncooked food.
2. Bokeh in a spherical body and get a part of the human ear.
3. Doubly behead a word meaning of late origin and get a coin of small denomination.

Additions.

1. Add the letter W to a small Egyptian serpent and get a sounding instrument.
2. Add the letter G to being sleek,

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